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GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

TO THE SOUL.

I.
My soul go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth:
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow?
And thinkst thou 'twill be
Better to-morrow?

II.
Love not this darksome womb,
Nor yet a gilded tomb,
Though on it written be
Mortal men's story;
Look up by faith, and see
Sure, joyful glory.—Richard Baxter.

THE OBSERVER.

From the Christian Witness.

"Beye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—James 1. 22.

I am not one of those light and airy beings who have the faculty of rendering themselves invisible, like the inhabitants of fairy land, or the geni of Eastern story; but am a substantial reality, and possess organs of sight and hearing. So quietly and inoffensively do I use them, however, that people seem to think of me, as they practically do of little children, that they are both blind and deaf, and therefore cannot be contaminated by the examples of deed and word, which are so often manifested in their presence. Thus I became a spectator of much which passes current in the world for piety, but which, if tried in the crucible of the gospel, would evaporate into a mere shadow, and become such stuff as dreams are made of—a religion which plays round the imagination, but is not incorporated with the life.

In this privileged character, I was a few days since admitted into a household, where all bore the name of Christ. Four ladies of the family, upon whose cheeks the roses of youth had faded, were swallowing their hasty meal, and conversing with great earnestness of the astonishing gifts of an itinerant preacher, who was then holding a four weeks' meeting in the community, which they attended day and night. They talked as if he was little less than an Apostle: as if his name, and religion, were synonymous; to differ from him was heresy and to abstain from hearing him, and joining in his measures and machinery, was to oppose every thing good.—I sat listening to their denunciations; and comparing them with that blessed spirit of charity, so beautifully and eloquently described by the Apostle, in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, which "thinketh no evil." In the midst of them, a lady entered, one of those visions of love and goodness, which but occasionally light upon our earth. She had pursued the "even tenor of her way," and let the torrent of novelty and fanaticism pass by her. But these zealous adherents, overwhelmed her with descriptions of the talent and eloquence of this "new light," and "Why have you not attended upon his preaching?" was the unanimous question.

"The cares of my family," replied she meekly, "absorb much of my time. My little children are at that tender age, when they require a mother's watchful eye to form their habits rightly, and to lead their young affections into a proper channel. The Lord has placed them under my stewardship, and I have no right to abandon the charge, or resign it into the hands of those, who would be less interested, and therefore less vigilant. In a month they might imbibe contamination, which it would require years to counteract. The young mind is so pliant that it may be moulded into any likeness, and we be to the mother, who not feeling her infinite responsibility, leaves her charge to hirelings; or neglects to enstamp upon the infant character, the image of her Lord and Saviour."

"I called," continued the gentle visitor, "to bring something to tempt the appetite of your poor invalid. Can I see her?"

"Yes! you will find her in her chamber. I don't think she can continue many days. But do attend the meeting, this afternoon you will find it very interesting."

"Thank you. I must try to see your neighbor, Mrs. White, who is very ill of a fever."

"Indeed! I did not know she was sick."

"I am surprised at that. She has been helpless for a fortnight, and you know is very poor."

"Well, I believe you go about doing good.—The bell will ring at the appointed hour. You had better go to meeting."

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only"—was the exhortation which forced itself upon my mind.

Our benevolent visitor ascended to the apartment of the invalid, who was one of those fatherless ones, which are especially commended to the care and kindness of God's people. She was alone. The chamber of sickness was also the chamber of solitude. A smile irradiated her sunken features when Mrs. Harlowe entered.

"You come like an angel of light to me," said she, "to comfort my poor frail body, and to sustain my sinking spirit. It is desolate to be here, hour after hour alone. I feel like a prisoner upon whom the jailor looks three or four times a day, when he hands him his solitary meal."

"But the compassionate Jesus is with you?" said the pitying Mrs. Harlowe.

"Oh yes! I love to look upon a human face—to hear the soft accents of the human voice. I cannot read, and nature has become so feeble, that I cannot think. I want some one to speak to me of the promises, to tell me of my Saviour. The neighbors are generally very kind, but since the 'meeting' commenced, they are mostly engrossed in attendance upon that, and I have sometimes feared that I might die alone."

"I may be absent from home two or three hours, and I will stay with you," said Mrs. Harlowe.

"Thank you! thank you! thank God for sending you."

The pious lady who thus endeavored to manifest the kind spirit of her Lord, sat by the poor victim of consumption, adjusted her pillow, administered to her wants; repeated the promises of God as she could bear them, and when she was disposed to sleep, held a hand between the gentle pressure of her own, to give assurance of her wakeful presence—as the tender and protecting mother soothes her timid and trembling child.

The invalid slept long and sweetly, and when she woke, opened her eyes with an inquiring look.

"I am here," said Mrs. Harlowe. "Oh I have been in heaven!" exclaimed the dying girl, "and I heard the music of angelic harps—'Holy! holy! holy!' And I tried to imitate their harmony, but could not. In my despair and agony you came to me, clothed in white, and singing a new song—the song of the redeemed. I caught it from your lips.—My spirit seemed to expand and grow as I gave utterance to the notes of praise and blessing—my whole soul was bathed in melody. I hear it still! I breathe the heavenly air! Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever."

A more than mortal joy irradiated the face of the invalid, as with a strong and clear voice, she poured forth the rapture of her spirit. And then, in notes, musical as if they had been born in heaven, she commenced that beautiful hymn of Pope's—"The dying Christian to his soul."

Mrs. Harlowe stood spell-bound. She dared not interrupt her. She felt as if the poor sufferer was about to be translated from earth to heaven—the last journey; so short but so full of meaning and mystery. It was a solemn thought. She was alone amid the imposing secrets, and appalling terrors of death. She was alone with one, who was about to exchange her mortal drapery, for the wings and habiliments of an angel, and experience that most sudden and inscrutable transition, from human, to a heavenly nature.

She sunk upon her knees, and commended the departing soul unto Him who gave it. The song was finished and the spirit ascended, breathing forth, like the fabled swan, the music of its own requiem. C. W. B.

From the Landmark.

THE MARTYR ALGERIUS.

Matt. 5. 10. Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

In the year 1555, Algerius, a student in the University of Padua, and a man of great learning having embraced the reformed religion, did all he could to convert others. For these proceedings he was accused of heresy to the Pope and being apprehended, was committed to prison at Venice, when being allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, he wrote to his converts at Padua the following celebrated epistle:—

"Dear Friends—I cannot omit this opportunity of letting you know the sincere pleasure I feel in my confinement; to suffer for Christ is delectable indeed, to undergo a little transitory pain in this world, for His sake, is cheaply purchasing a reversion of eternal glory in a life that is everlasting. Here I have found honey in the entrails of a lion; a paradise in a prison; tranquility in the house of sorrow; when others weep, I rejoice; when others tremble and faint, I find strength and courage. The Almighty alone confers these favors upon me; be His the glory and the praise."

How different do I find myself from what I was before. I embraced the truth in its purity; I was then dark, doubtful, and in dread; I am now enlightened, certain, and full of joy. He that was far from me is present with me; He comforts my spirits, heals my griefs, strengthens my mind, refreshes my heart, and fortifies my soul. Learn, therefore, how merciful and amiable the Lord is, who supports his servants under temptation, expels their sorrows, lightens their afflictions, and even visits them with His glorious presence in the gloom of a dungeon. Your sincere friend.

ALGERIUS.

The Pope being informed of Algerius's great learning and surprising natural abilities, thought it would be of infinite importance to the church of Rome, if he could induce him to forsake the Protestant cause. But finding all his endeavors ineffectual, he ordered him to be burnt, which sentence was executed accordingly.—Fox.—Encyc. Religious Knowledge.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE PROSE OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

Jeremy Taylor's prose, it is true, breathes not the full, warlike melody of Milton's, nor his sublimity of thought or magnificence of language. Neither does it flash with the point and perpetual lightning play of Fuller's epigrammatic style, but we walk in a soft moonlight atmosphere, a purple clime, instinct with flowers and odors: though death be the husbandman and the grave the field from which they spring. Taylor's Essay on "Holy Dying,"—if we consider its subject and the imagination lavished on it—resembles a day in the American autumn, when the sky is flushed with gorgeous clouds, and the forests are radiant with many-tinted leaves—glory and splendor on the earth and in the heavens, yet all together preaching a solemn lesson of decay, while approving the hand that pencilled them no less than divine.

Taylor's prose is remarkable for the minuteness of its painting, and the always crowded state of his canvass. There is in it that overflow of thought which we look upon as one of the highest characteristics of great and pregnant minds. This miniature of detail is more particularly exhibited in the "Holy Living," the twin-essay which accompanies the Holy Dying;—in this sins are, as it were, set apart in packages, parcelled and marked: apportioned in vials and labelled with letters of speaking fire.

Yet amid the dryness of this anatomic labor gleams of Taylor's glorious nature burst out; thus he beautifully mentions as first among the means and instruments to obtain faith:—

"A humble, willing, and docile mind, or desire to be instructed in the way of God; for persuasion enters, like a sunbeam, gently, and without violence; and open but the window, and draw the curtain, and the Sun of righteousness will enliven your darkness."

"Holy Living," is a code of practical morals, full of clearness of thought and a knowledge of the necessities of men.

It is so particular and pointed in its applications that in whatever condition a human being may be placed, a shaft is sure to reach him from some quarter of the vast and powerful bow; under whatever portion of the firmament of circumstance he may take his position, there is some star in the galaxy which will shed its light upon his path—developing past errors and disclosing newer and nobler avenues for his future footsteps.

But "Holy Dying," is the master-birth. A sentence in the opening dedication exhibits Taylor's modesty, and at the same time his determination to exert all strength and energy in completing his task:—

"It is enough for me," he says, "to be an under-builder in the house of God, and I glory in the employment; I labor in the foundations, and therefore the work needs no apology for being plain, so it be strong and well laid."

This resolution declared he traverses the field of example; east and west, north and south, to pluck instances for his subject—to gather the fragments of ruin from every clime of the earth out of which to build up this work—his honorary monument to death:—

"All the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon; and calls us to look and see how the old sexton time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity."

His power over language and imagery is almost despotic. Like a skillful performer on a musical instrument, he can draw two tunes from a single string: his pen is the fountain of tears and of tempests. Illustrating that extensive sect of professors whose religion is rheumatic and affected sorely by a change of weather, he first speaks thus:—

"All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellence, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let his bones be broken with sorrow; let his bread be dipped in tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let God commence a quarrel against him, and be bitter in the accents of his anger or discipline; then God tries your faith."

Warning and growing more vigorous as the labor of description increases, he proceeds:—

"In our health and clearer days it is easy to talk of putting trust in God: we readily trust him for life when we are in health; for provisions when we have fair revenues; and for deliverance when we are newly escaped; but let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes and dwell upon our wrong,—let the storm arise and the keel toss till the cordage crack; or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollows of sad misfortunes,—then can you believe when you neither hear, nor see, nor feel any thing but objections?"

Abounding in truth and wisdom like this, is not Taylor's "Holy Dying," a fountain to which our divines should resort? is it not a brook of Siloa in which they should bathe their feet and ascend from it, strengthened and purified to do the work of the Lord?

Too true, and a sad truth it is, and too applicable even in this age, and in this latitude, what one of Taylor's wisest eulogists has said:—

"Were his parts and endowments parcelled out among the poor clergy that he left behind him, it would have perhaps made one of the best dioceses in the world." We speak of the "Holy Dying," however, only as an eminent literary composition; we speak of Taylor as one of the finished masters of the tongue, not as an eloquent advocate and expounder of the truth; not as a chosen high-priest of the Gospel—but rather as a ministrant at a lower, though not altogether profane altar. Let a worthier assume the task of unfolding his religious views and expounding his creed; for us we are content (so it has pleased Heaven) with worshipping afar off. Yet we can venture to say that in his revelations of guilt in his admonitions to duty and in the remedies apportioned to different classes of crime, and different conditions of men, there seems to us a wonderful adherence to truth and experience; as much so as in one of the dramas of Shakespeare or Massinger.

The prominent trait of the prose of Jeremy Taylor is its beauty. If there are no brilliant and fiery outbreaks of soul, there is yet a perpetual and even eloquence; a silent charm which clings to it even in the least imaginative passages. There is sometimes a pathos in his allusions, which few poets can match. There is that affecting and vivid sentence, where he compares the youth of five-and-twenty suddenly cut down with the "fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood;" and says:—

"So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breathe had dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and night having lost some of its leaves and all of its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn out faces."

Throughout most of Taylor's figures runs

this vein of tender and graceful feeling; he reads the universe aright, he reads it as a poet and sees therein mementos of decay—symbols of man's nature—types of the soul in all its changes—and an outward alphabet by which to read the inward spirit.

Taylor's mind was attuned to all that was glorious and it fills the prose emanating from it with its own harmony. If I may be permitted to quote a fragment of unworthy verse I should say.

His mind is temple-like;
It breathed of sanctity—high columns—
And a shrine where angel thoughts did worship;
Where painted windows lend a wondrous light
To every object moving in their many hues.

His wish poured forth at the close of his "Holy Dying," we believe is remembered:—

"I desire to die a dry death; but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral: some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely; a soft shower to turn those flowers into a spring memory, or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors, as my servants carry the entrails of beasts."

Go, reverend spirit! vanish again into the past, the flowers are sprinkled; from these eyes the soft shower is rained!—return to thy old repose in the dust and quiet of upper shelves. I have called thee forth for a moment's amusement, to a busy and hurried generation.

Thy service is performed: thou mayest return into oblivion and rest! for who reads the old English prose writers in these enlightened days?

THE MILLENNIUM.

We perceive the following in the Albion of Saturday:

The Rev. John Wesley preached, on the 4th of May, 1788, in the parish church of Bradford upon which occasion he stated his conviction that the millennium reign of our Saviour would be in the year 1836.

We have reason to believe that this zealous Christian minister, who perhaps labored more extensively and usefully than any man since St. Paul the apostle, imbibed this opinion from the Rev. Sir George Stenocho use, the learned and pious author of "Universal Rstitution," with whom he was once on terms of sincere friendship and intimacy, although he never adopted his learned friend's opinion of the eventual termination of future punishment. Sir George Stenocho use predicted that the millennium would commence in the year 1836, on the 6th of June at 9 o'clock in the morning; and that it would commence in the United States of America, which at the time he wrote, had just achieved their independence. So fully was he convinced of this fact, that he sold very extensive estates in England to invest his property in this country, when he was taken ill and died at Bristol, the seaport from whence he intended to embark. The most sure way, however, for any man to witness the millennium, is to make one in his own bosom.—N. Y. Sun.

THE TESTIMONY OF A PAGAN MAGISTRATE TO THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

A Chinese mandarin, who had the chief command of the royal troops in Cochinchina, perceiving one day near the court a number of men beneath the conga, (an instrument of torture,) said, "Where have they seized on so many thieves at a time?" It was answered; that they were not thieves, but Christians, whose religion the king had forbidden under pain of death.—"How," replied he, "condemned for being Christians? Can their religion be any crime against the government? Do they not pay taxes as well as others? Do they not assist at the public work? Do they not bear arms? Do they not go to battle? Do they not follow our standard from north to south? What more can be required of them? Why should we concern ourselves about their religion, provided they prove good and faithful subjects? It is we the disciples of Phut and Confucius, and especially we mandarins, who know no other law than our own wills, nor rule of life but our own concupiscence, that seize, without scruple the gardens and fields of the poor; that violate, without shame, the wives of others, and carry off their daughters by force; whereas the Christians confine themselves to one wife, without daring to approach the wives or daughters of others. In a word they are an upright and simple people, who do no injury to any one."

"When I was very young," continued he, "there was a libertine with whom I was acquainted, who became a notorious thief. His family left no means untied to reclaim him from his wicked course of life. He had often been severely whipped, imprisoned, and even threatened with death by the heads of the village, but to no purpose, for nothing could intimidate him. At length after an absence of many years, I met him by accident, and was astonished beyond measure at the alteration I perceived in him, being now neither a libertine, a gambler, nor a thief. I asked him the reason of so surprising a change. To which he replied that he had married a Christian woman, who, by her exhortations and example, had converted him to her religion: he no longer dared to persevere in his wicked course of life, because it was forbidden by that religion. Behold," added the mandarin, "what the magistrates could not effect by the force of their authority, a wife has accomplished by the influence of her religion! Ought a religion therefore which has the power of putting a stop to such disorders; ought a religion, which can convert a thief into a honest man; ought such a religion to be proscribed or condemned? I defy," continued he, "yours or mine to do as much."—American Baptist Journal.

THE BIBLE.

A man in Upper Canada, whom as in the habit of taking an interest in the moral improvement of his neighborhood, one day inquired of a poor Irishman by the name of Joe whether he could read the Bible if he should give him one.

"No," said Joe, "but my wife can." Well; replied the man, I will give you one on condition that your wife read to you three chapters a day when you are at home to hear them. Upon these conditions, Joe took the Bible, and the man heard no more of it till about four weeks afterward, when Joe having an errand in the neighborhood, brought with him a square which he had stolen sometime before, and giving it up to its former owner, said, "There, that is yours, I have kept it sometime, but can keep it no longer, because I have got a Bible which tells me not to steal." The Word's influence thus began continued to increase till now he is a member of the christian church, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God.

A book which thus exposes and counteracts the vicious propensities of man, and reclaims him to a life of holiness, furnishes the best kind of evidence of its divine origin. No system of mere human ethics has been found adequate thus to reform the vicious. But the Word of God has done it in innumerable instances to aid in circulating the Bible.—Vermont Telegraph.

THE FARMER.

An ungodly farmer, who had flocks and herds and a large farm house, and a full rick-yard, and a garner well stored with grain, was far from being happy. He was well off for this world, but not well provided for the next.

Now it happened that this farmer came to poverty, for his flocks and herds were sorely visited by disease; and his house, his barns and his ricks were burned to the ground. But poverty the best thing in the world for some people and when God pleases, he can make it the means of bringing an ungodly farmer to a better state of mind. It was exactly so with the farmer that I have been speaking of; for he through Divine grace, became pious and was happier in his poverty than he had been before in his prosperity.

An ungodly neighbor, about this time, called upon him, to condole with him on his great losses, and on his wretched condition.

"Stop, stop," cried out the poor farmer, "you are altogether wide of the mark—I never was so rich as I am now; and as to my condition, I take it to be ten times better than it was before. I have lost it is true, my flocks and my herds, my house and the produce of my farm; but I find it much better to have God without these things, than to have these things without God."—Cincinnati Journal.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. PAYSON.

The following illustration was used in familiar conversation with a friend. "God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave every thing and go to it. So when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see whether the cry is repeated; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his father's presence, this blessing will not be long withheld."

During his last illness a friend coming into his room remarked familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. P. smiling. "No," was the answer.—"In order that we may look upward." His friend said to him, "I am not come to condole, but to rejoice with you, for it seems to me that this is no time for mourning." "Well, I am glad to hear that," was the reply; "for it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is, I never had less need of condolence, and yet every body persists in offering it; whereas when I was prosperous, and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they flattered and congratulated me."—Reg. Mag.

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

If there is any one man in this country, who more than others, deserves the title of philanthropist—a man whose philanthropy is enlarged and noble, and confined neither to party, sect, nation, class, color or individual—that man is Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston. We have known him in the Morea in the autumn campaign against the Turks, and in the spring pleading the cause of Greece, and raising supplies through the interior of New York—accompanying them back to Greece in the summer. We have known him assisting Lafayette to his horse during the revolution of the three days in Paris, and in the same year lying in a German dungeon for carrying food and clothing to polish patriot prisoners. We have seen him offering his services in the cause of Africa—to labor for the benefit of the negro in this country, or in that which is peculiarly his own.—And for the last three or four years we have seen him devoting his services with the same spirit and zeal in the cause of the unfortunate blind of his own country—and with distinguished success. The school for this unfortunate class of humanity in Boston, we believe to be one of the best managed, as it is one of the most interesting objects of philanthropy in this country or any other;—and from its commencement it has been under the charge of Dr. Howe.

In connection with this institution, and the instruction of the blind of our country generally, Dr. Howe has been for some time engaged in raising money for printing the books necessary for the successful prosecution of the object. A handsome donation toward this object was made by the American Bible Society last year, and we have reason to believe that these and other contributions for the purpose, have been well invested. In a letter before us from the Doctor—not written for publication, however,

Martinsburg, Knox county, May 11.

